

COLLEGE CHEER

"WE KNOCK TO BOOST."

VOL. XI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1918.

NO. 4.

St. Joe will play the Fast Independents of Lafayette.

Thursday, December the nineteenth, our Reps will meet the fast aggregation of Lafayette. Remember the St. Joe pep and root for the Purple and Red. It is customary that we win our first game. Root! Root! Root! and let your voices heal during Xmas vacation. We wish to start the season with a rush, so please cooperate. If St. Joe is behind a few points, don't lose courage. Stick until the finish. We have heard something about a Third Latin Rooting Club. Come across with it Third Latins!

THE BELL OF COLLEGEVILLE.

Hear the rough and gruff-toned bell —
Early bell.

What a list of duties long its monody can tell!

Interrupting merry dreams

Chiding all that hopeful seems.

It behooves us to take heed

Of thy call — and that with speed,

Lest we're rolled

In the cold

When its late and then, — oh well! —

Blame that bell that jangling bell!

O that teasing, unrelenting, and exacting morning bell!

How I wish that I might yell

THE BELLS OF COLLEGEVILLE.

When I hear the rudeness in the clangor of the thoughtless morning bell.

Hear that stern prophetic bell —
Study bell!

My! how warning in its clatter solemn does it dwell

On the work that we must do

In the hall and class-room too.

Then reproaches when 'tis o'er

Or proclaims for us a store

As we use

Or misuse

Any minute of the time

Measured by this study chime.

How thy grouchy vigilance gives not one minute more for play,

Passing sentence with thy knell

On our fun that should rebel

At thy supercilious tones — thou strict and overbearing study bell!

Hear that sweet announcing bell
Dinner bell!

Gee! those appetizing words its soothing seem to spell!

Gay inviting all to share

In the good old college fare

When the morn's hard toil is o'er

Or Greek classes are no more.

Yes, you toll

Of the bowl

Sly alluring dinner-chime

Near or far, at anytime,

Everywhere and anywhere I love and 'wait that buoyant bell

Could I possibly retell

All the thoughts that in me dwell

When I hear thy kind revealing quick appealing merry making knell.

Hear the distant clanging bell —

Engine bell!

Bringing, taking, ringing making joys too sweet to tell.

Everywhere and all the time

With that calm impatient chime.

Who unruffled could sit down

As he hears from out the town

Distant trains

Taking pains

Just at study hours still

To arouse calm Collegeville

With the sempiternal clangor of that future-telling knell.

Palpitating harmony

Feelest thou the given glee —

Ringling tolling dawn or dusk, a-singing knolling light or dark — — —MY BELL!

O. U. Kid.

The Value of the Study of Literature.

The ordinary person frequently fails to grasp that which lies nearest to him. He does not realize, to a great extent, what can be his just for the apprehension of it, and so permits many a prize to escape him without appreciating its worth. Especially is this true of students in high school or college, where many forms of knowledge and the means of their acquisition easily within reach, they often neglect the most valuable. Perhaps it is because their very nearness renders them seemingly powerless to realize what lies before them, just as one's position immediately before the walls of a massive cathedral makes it impossible for him to realize its noble lines and understand the magic of its architecture. Among the studies neglected by so many, yet worth so much is that of literature; and it is worth much because it opens up a vast field of pleasure, gives a knowledge of life, and forms the basis of an education.

The pleasure of literature is found both in its matter and in its style. The ideas or the matter the author puts before us in a book, are the fruits of his imagination; or what he has seen, acted, or recorded. We derive pleasure from the matter then, because a picture is brought before our minds of some event or sketch taken from active life or the life of an imaginary being. We hold intercourse with our fellow beings by means of books; we can travel through foreign lands and visit scenes of interest which may be beyond our reach. When we can pass away idle hours with a

book, we are being entertained with something of value as well as of interest and are taken from our own cares and sphere of life, and are able to forget ourselves.

Then we have the style of the matter. Interesting facts may not always be written in attractive style and are therefore, considered dry and not worthy of note. It takes a little study at first, but once we see the object of the writing, we appreciate it the more; we are pleased in having gone below the surface and disclosed ideas entirely new to us. We feel a thrill of pleasure in having access to a mind, able to present facts to us in a beautiful manner.

The pleasures, however, that we receive from literature are more than equalled by its value as a medium through which we view humanity, and obtain a knowledge of man's life, which most certainly has that behind it, which prompts these acts — the mind. This is what we strive to know and what literature imparts to us; the ideals, the thoughts and mind workings of the past ages. We all enjoy reading of the thoughts and impressions of our fellow creatures; the views he entertains of the beautiful; how he considers nature and what he thinks of his fellow man.

Among all the arts, it is generally conceded, that literature is the most universally intelligible or as a prominent author has it, "The most positively intelligible." It is thru this medium then, that man endeavors to learn from fellow beings, the joys and sorrows of existence, the tide and fluctuations of human passions and affections, to compare the ideals and mode of life as it was in past history, with that of his own.

With this end in view, we can enter into the minds and imaginations of great men, we can see their hopes, their desires and fancies. We can approach the beautiful and see nature thru the eyes of the artist, whereas before we could see naught but what was on the surface. We are given the purposes of life; we learn of the author of life and of his works, because we see nature more vividly and that all created things have a purpose to fulfill.

Our knowledge of life however, would be of little avail could we not profit by it in our dealings with our fellows; and as the classes of those with whom we meet and deal are determined much by the ideas we possess and our mode of presenting them, we, in order to obtain the best that has been thought and said in the world, go again to literature and find in it the basis of our education.

It is only natural that one should acquire the mastery of the tongue he is to use in later life. But one cannot become master of a language unless he knows of its origin and the changes brought about in its formation. Then and only then have we the means in our power to take up other branches of education, because if we have not the power to express ourselves and understand what we read, how are we to gain knowledge? It is not inherited. It does not come to us by wishing for it. And since nothing is obtained in this world without labor, we must work for what we want and our work in dealing with literature is the study of it.

Now all that exists had a cause for existence or is the effect of another existence; the English

language is an effect. The basis of the language is the outgrowth of a mixture of the Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon, and the French or Norman tongues, and later the infusion of Greek and Latin. Since our language has sprung from other tongues, should we not consider it worthy of note to trace out its derivation; the blending of words and to analyze for ourselves, and have some logical reason for its existence?

Hence we have the Greek and Latin classics. At different periods the Latin has influenced the English language. The earliest influence was felt when the Anglo Saxons invaded Great Britain in 450 and the latest in 1660 on the restoration of the Stuarts. In its early history the English language was one to fulfill the requirements of a civilized people in a simple way, but as the nations grew in culture and education and as we have the language today, foreign terms were introduced from the Latin and Greek to express the "abstract thoughts and higher processes of the mind," such as those connected with christianity, philosophy, law, and scientific pursuits.

And again, the classics are perhaps the best means that exist, of communicating literary taste, intellectual interest, and liberality of mind; because they introduce the student to the most permanent literature in the world. Among the Greek authors we have in Homer the height of clearness and simplicity; in Xenophon's writings are types of marvellous interest, and the Grecian Anthology has some of the most beautiful poetry ever written. As to the Latin, Virgil produced the purest type of romantic poetry, and in Cicero we have naturalness of thought and easy style.

The purpose of our study in literature then, "is always a means and not an end;" a guiding light, as it were, leading us on thru life. Its value can never be fully appreciated by us, because we have it always by our side. It is just like a dear friend continually offering us opportunities to better ourselves and we not realizing until too late, the value of such friendship. And is the companionship of a good book to be despised, when it offers so much to us? It may require labor on our part, but here it can be labor of love, and we will be repaid by the pleasant acquaintances we meet in our books, by the broadness of outlook it gives us, and the solid educational foundation it gives us for whatever super-structures we may wish to raise.

A Fish Story.

By H. J. Pinebrook.

(Continuation.)

Dr. Lyden was one of those sporty chaps that are hard to please in the line of dress goods. Besides that he was prejudiced against everything in a country place. The dress suits that had been exhibited to him were actually good values and of the latest pattern. Had they been shown to him in the city store, he would have bought one of them.

While the above conversation had taken place, Mr. Milford had been an unobserved, attentive listener in the rear of the store. Now and then he had made a little note;— that belonged to his profession. Now he stepped forward also to have a look at those suits. (Continued on page 5)

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ADDRESS

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,
 COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA.

Wednesday, December 18, 1918.

EDITORIALS.**Concentration.**

SAID Carlyle, "The weakest living creature, by concentrating on a single subject, can accomplish something; whereas, the strongest, by dispersing his attention over many, may fail to accomplish any thing." All men who have accomplished great things have been men of one unwavering aim; all men who have sacrificed all conflicting desires and ambitions to that one aim.

Ours is essentially an age of specialized, intensive, purposeful action. The man who succeeds in any walk of life today is the man who says, "This one thing I do," and lives by it.

This does not mean the narrow, one-sided man, the man whose mind is capable of one idea, but "the broad man sharpened to a fine point," the many-faceted mentality concentrated upon a single object.

The world will make way for any man who knows his goal. The secret of achievement is the focusing of one's powers, in bringing the whole man to the day's work, to his life's purpose.

Everything worth doing in this world is reached by the road of concentration, and by no other. The efficient life is the concentrated life — the life of focused energy, dominated by single aim.

Whatever other qualities he may lack, whatever weaknesses he may have, there is one quality that is always present in the man who achieves, and that is the ability to concentrate his mind, to focus his faculties with force and vigor upon one definite aim. A man may lack many important qualities, and yet be successful on the whole if he has this one quality of mental intensity, the ability to centralize all his brain power, all his energy upon one thing. This is the force that executes, this is the force that does things.

Orison Swett Marden.

Ed. Note. This little treatise has so much to say, and says it so nicely that to take excerpts for an original writing not nearly so much could be conveyed.

We have them here too.

Can any one say there is better feeling than when one slips between the sheets after a hard day of plugging; to rest his tired head on the soft nest feathered with down. But Oh! what a feel-

ing when you get up in the morning, no this doesn't happen every morning, because some mornings, you feel better than others, but on the mornings you awaken and find every window in the dorm closed tighter than a clam shell. But who can suggest remedy, for if you open the window you are a "cold air fiend" and if you close it you are a "hot house plant."

The Spirit of Santa Claus.

"Was there ever a wider or more loving conspiracy than that which keeps the venerable figure of Santa Claus from slipping away, with all the other old-time myths, into the forsaken wonderland of the past? Of all the personages whose marvelous doings once filled the minds of men, he alone survives. He has outlived all the great gods, and all the impressive and poetic conceptions which once flitted between heaven and earth; these have gone, but Santa Claus remains by virtue of a common understanding that childhood shall not be despoiled of one of its most cherished beliefs, either by the mythologist, with his sun myth theory, or the scientist with his heartless diatribe against superstition. There is a good deal more to be said on this subject, if this were the place to say it; even supersition has its uses, and sometimes, its sound heart of truth. He who does not see in the legend of Santa Claus a beautiful faith on one side, and the naive embodiment of a divine fact on the other, is not fit to have a place at the Christmas board. For him there should be neither carol, nor holly, nor mistletoe; they only shall keep the feast to whom all these things are but the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace."

H. W. Mabie.

C. L. S.

The "Victim of the Seal" which was presented by the C. L. S. on the eight of December proved to be something creditable to the society. This was the first play given this year and everybody that witnessed it spoke of it with words of praise. The C. L. S. has in the past established a reputation for itself by its excellent rendition of plays and programs. Last year especially a high degree of perfection was reached in this field which proves that the society is accomplishing splendid results. As we pass from one year to another we often wonder what new talent will loom up to take the places of those who are no longer with us. But somehow or other it seems to be in the nature of things that every need finds some one capable to supply what is wanted. Even the first play of the year has proved that the men of this year are fully capable to uphold the standard of the society and with a little extra determination they can surpass the highest standard ever attained by the C. L. S.

If one were to mention the participants of this play according to their merit he would probably be forced to mention the name of Joseph Feldcamp first. Raible, Pickard, and Hiller also deserve praise. No adverse criticism can be made of the first act. A livelier spirit might have been injected in the scene in the "Golden Rose." When

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the dead body of Mr. Blanchard and the supposed murderer were discovered there was lack of excitement and action, and a more fiery debate should have taken place at the trial.

R. J. S. C.

On Wednesday December the fourth the Raleigh Jolly Smoking Club held a meeting to elect new officers. The result of the election is as follows. Clarence McGinty was elected president, Joseph Kallal vice-president, Francis Miller secretary, and Ferdinand Wellman marshal. Hearty congratulations are extended to the new officers. The club is our recreation hall and we look forward to many interesting performances that will be staged by the officers to enliven the winter days.

A NEW WAY OF GETTING THEM.

A clergyman was very anxious to introduce some hymn books into the church and arranged with his clerk that the latter was to give out the notice immediately after the sermon. The clerk, however, had a notice of his own to give out, with reference to the baptizing of infants. Accordingly at the end of the sermon he arose and announced:

"All those who have children which they want baptized, please send in their names at once to the clerk."

The clergyman, who was stone deaf assumed that the clerk was giving out the hymn book notice and immediately arose and said:

"And I should say for the benefit of those who haven't any that they may be obtained at the vestry any time from three to four o'clock. The ordinary little ones at 25c each, and the special ones with red backs at 35c.

WU TING FANG SCORES ONE.

Wu Ting Fang is at the head of the Chinese Foreign Office, and you can't put much over on a man with as good a sense of humor as Dr. Wu. At a little supper one evening a gentleman, speaking of Dr. Wu, recalled his famous wheeze about the chinaman who committed suicide by eating gold leaf.

"But I don't see how that killed him, how did it?" inquired a society woman.

"I suppose," said he seriously, "that it was the consciousness of inward guilt."

When anyone after an inquiry as to their occupation says "I am doing nothing", ask them, if they know when to stop.

ST. NICHOLAS IN CAMP.

'Twas the night before Christmas and all thru the camp
Not a sound could be heard but the sentry's tramp, tramp.
The boys were all sleeping in their bunks
With occasional snoring in good solid chunks.
Some were a-dreaming of homes far away,
And mothers preparing for the world's holiday;
Others of sweethearts and what they might send
To brighten the day and happiness lend —
When all of a sudden there rose such a clatter,
All sprang up to see what the world was the matter;
They rushed toward the trenches expecting the Boches,
Aching to give them some rather rough punches —
When what to their wondering eyes should appear
But a convoy deep loaded with Christmas-tide-cheer —
Parcels and boxes and everything good —
While high on the pile old St. Nicholas stood,
A-bowing, and smiling, and beck'ning to all,
And easily looking as though he might fall.
His face was familiar to all within sight,
He was given no challenge, so great was delight.
With a wink of his eye and a twist of his head
He gave all to know they had nothing to dread,
For pausing a moment, he went straight to work,
And selecting a package he gave it a jerk
And sent it a-flying while calling a name,
As the boy it was sent to was answering the same;
Then to one and another a parcel he gave,
Till each hut was still as a newly-made grave.
As the boys, filled with joy at the gifts they received
Hugged and kissed them, as though he believed
Those gifts were 'most human. And Santa looked on,
Tight gripping his wheel and tooting his horn,
Still bowing and smiling, then turned to the right
And said: "Merry Christmas", and "to all a good night!"

HE DIDN'T.

A boy fell into a pond, and when a man who was passing pulled him out he said to the boy: "Well, son, how did you come to fall into the lake?"

"I didn't come to fall in at all," replied the boy with some heat, "I came to fish."

(Fish Story, cont. from p. 2)

"I will give you \$20.00 for that dark suit with the fine white stripe. I am not like that sport that just left; when I see a bargain I hang to it."

Mr. Hendrickson looked at the stranger in surprise, packed the suit into a box, put the twenty into the cash drawer, thanked Mr. Milford in whom he surmised a good future customer and congratulated himself on the good fortune of selling at least one of those swell suits.

On his way back to the hotel Mr. Milford made some observations of the houses on both sides of the street as if looking for a certain number or sign. With the box under his arm he went to his room at once, opened his traveling bag which contained all kinds of curios, among them also a line of cloth samples. Having satisfied himself that there was one which corresponded with the cloth of his newly bought suit, he arranged them in a neat little leather case, and then went down to wait for dinner. He studiously avoided any conversation with the landlord that might lead to a revelation of his identity or business.

At 2:30 Andrew Milford sallied forth once more, not aimless this time, because he had spotted the house of Dr. Lyden in the forenoon, and thither his steps were now directed. Luck would have it that that gentleman was "in"; in fact he had just awakened from his customary noonday nap. At the call of the bell he proceeded to the door in person.

Mr. Milford bowed low. "Good day! Have I the honor of addressing Dr. Lyden?"

"You have."

"Here is my card."

"Well, well! Strange things do happen! Just this moment I have made up my mind to order a suit of Siegel & Cooper, and here you drop in, God-sent, to save me the trouble. So you represent the Firm of Guggenheimer & Co., Chicago. I have never heard of that name before."

"Likely not, because the firm is young in years, has not advertised very much, and has more or less done an exclusive business for the upper four hundred only. It handles only the very best and the most expensive in gent's furnishings, and in a short time has established for itself an enviable record. Spurred on by success the members are anxious to enlarge their business and have concluded to send out agents to all parts of the country. This is my first trip, Mr. Lyden."

"You are not going to deal with individuals, but with the retail merchants. How did you happen to come to me? It seems strange, to say the least."

"Nothing extraordinary about it. Did you not notice me at Henderson's this morning when you came in; I was trying to interest him in our line, but without success. Say, that fellow has an idea about style and beauty. He claimed, of course, that he could not sell our goods here. I overheard your conversation with him because I was in the rear of the store rewriting some orders, and I am glad you did not take advantage of his so-called bargains. I admit that those suits were in style once, about the time Nero set Rome on fire. I thought maybe I could accommodate you, and so I am here. I shall just show you some samples of

the cloth we handle, because I justly suppose that you want a tailor-made dress suit."

"Exactly so, and the best at that."

"I am at your service! Here is the best. Select."

After considerable stroaking and rubbing and tearing of threads the doctor made up his mind, and picked a dark brown sample.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Lyden, but I confess that you are not a connoisseur, not of the inner circle, when there is a question of selecting the goods. That brown is about the cheapest sample we carry. Let me assist you. You see, the complexion of a man has a great deal to do also with the color of his suit. If I had your ruddy complexion and your dark hair, I would select this one, this black with the fine white stripe. This is the best we have, and you stated before that you wanted the best. It is an immense seller this spring. We have already sold at least three hundred suits made of these goods and spring has scarcely started. It's all wool; do you demand a test. Not necessary; we guarantee it to be all wool, and well tailored, to the satisfaction of the customer."

"That's satisfactory. How high will the suit come, and about what time can I expect it?"

"Since war prices prevail it will come considerably higher than it used to; but \$75.00 will cover the bill. I will turn in the order today together with some others and tell them to rush it, and send it with the rest to Logansport, Ind., where I have my headquarters. I deliver the goods in person, because on this first venture we want to be convinced that the customers are really satisfied; and in case they should not be, we can right matters in person. I calculate that at the beginning of next week I can deliver your suit. If you are ready we will now proceed to the measurements."

"Go ahead."

(To be continued.)

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St. Joe All Stars 16. ...St. Xavier All Stars 19.

The St. Joe All Stars bowed to defeat before the St. Xavier All Stars Sunday afternoon. This was a very rough game and at some parts of the game resembled football rather than basketball. St. Xavier have not been showing very good sportsmanship in as far as the same players may be seen on so many different teams, senior, junior, and other teams. The game was close throughout and was not won by either side until the timekeepers' whistle blew.

Lineup.		St. Joe All Stars.
St. Xavier All Stars.		
Lucks	F.	Cox
Esser	F	Oppenheim
Fehrenbacher	C	Brady
Boeff	G.	Smith
Dirksen	G.	Recker
Schon	Sub	Neuer
	Sub	Carlin
	Sub	Lange

Baskets—Oppenheim 5, Lucks 3, Esser 2, Fehrenbacher 2, Recker, Boeff, and Dirksen 1. Free throws—Recker 2, Lucks 1. Referee—Striff.

St. Joe Jrs. 9, St. Xavier Jrs. 4.

The St. Joe Jrs. defeated the St. Xavier Jrs. Sunday morning, Dec. 8, in a fast interhall game. Although the St. Xavier guards played well and held the St. Joe players down, their forwards were unable to hit the basket.

Lineup:		St. Xavier
St. Joe		
Cable	F	Alig
Kahle	C	Scharf B.
Kallal	C	Bauer A.
Wojinski	G	Ridenauer
Arnold	Sub	Wartinger
H. Recker	Sub	Jos. Marling
Dowling	Sub	

Baskets—B. Scharf 1, Kallal 2, Cable 1, Arnold 1. Free throws—A. Bauer 2, Dowling 1. Referee—Striff.

Athletic Director to St. X. and St. Mary's Bunch: "Do you boys play basket ball?"
Feldkamp: "We play Seven-up and Pinchole."

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A Letter from Santa to Nicholas Tacchinardi,
Alias Scoop Deininger
Castle of Snow, in Icicle Street,
City of Hailstones, County of Sleet.

DEAR LITTLE NICK:

I am writing to say
That I hope you are well and happy today,
And that, wherever you happen to be
Down in your heart you are thinking of me.
I received your letter, you dear little shrew,
I'm thinking of you, I'M thinking of you!
I've finished my work. My thousands of toys
Are marked with the names of St. Joe's boys.
For dear Maurice Yenn, I've a dolly all dressed.
For sweet Pius Mutter my candy is best;
Fred Wellman will get some nice bows for his head
And pretty lace pillows will be on his bed.
Hotfoot shall have No. 14 gunboats,
And Kampsen a carload of smoking coats.
For a while I was nearly on a fence,
With canvas bag to keep out the rain.
My bells are all polished, like silver they shine;
I sure will surprise you, dear Nicholas Mine.
And if I should happen to be on a souse,
I'll leave the Grads' things by the Brother House.
For Hughie some powder, for Vonder a shawl
And Reichert shall have a bat and a ball.
Bosco who is now so willing to share
His name with the Frenchmen "over there"
In order to win shall have a French Grammaire.
And Khaki must get a few letters from Mike
And swell up with pride like an old rusty spike.
For Kuentzel a Logic with lots of new rules,
That he distinguish wise men from fools.
McGinty shall have his book and pen
To balance the fees of his fellow men.
And I have a package all wrapped in green,
For little George Vetter, a talking machine.
Bring Connelly and Weinert a deck of cards
They'd enjoy seven-up in the boulevards.
Since this is my grace to our graduates,
There's two more boys make me hesitate.
These little youngsters are Murphy and Flynn,
And really they both should wipe off their chin.
A medal they get, for they have a big pull,
And this little pin is for shooting the bull.
Now I must stop, but remember, remember,
This oh! my dear, is the midst of December,
And Christmas is coming, it soon will be here,
Your song book I'll bring for your musical ear.
No matter how poor, no matter how blue,
My presents will bring peaceful joy to you;
So do not forget your stockings, because
I'll be with you soon
Your Friend,
Santa Claus.



Paul Rose
Sat on a tack,
Paul Rose!

Ferd. Kuentzel says his father was called Ferd
and his mother Eliza, so they called him Fertilizer.

Class-room Gleanings.

Diligentia quantascunque difficultates superabit.
Dowling: It is sometimes difficult to overcome
diligence.

With great efforts we finished the work.
Striff—Mulo labore opus finivimus.

In Asiam se contulit.
Vonderhaar—He contributed himself to Asia.

Our servant eats the same kind of food that
we eat.

Vetter—Cervus noster est idem quod edimus.
Legem tollere possunt qui dederunt.

Connelly—The law can lift them that bestow.

Smithy — Chaucer is intersting, but he has
such quir spelling.

The Tides of Love.

Flo was fond of Ebenezer:
Eb for short she called her beau.
Talk of tides of love — Great Caesar!
You should see them — Eb and Flo.
T. A. Daly.

John Jobst entering The Home Grocery: "I
wish to buy some white shoe blacking."



RENSSELAER, IND.

(It sounds like a tale of some B. B. game played by the
S. J. C. Juniors.)

I made a pass into the air;
Was tackled from the rear,
The referee sat on my neck,
The umpire on my ear.

The center sat upon my legs,
Two subs sat on my chest;
A forward and guard then
Sat down on me to rest.

The left guard sat upon my head,
The other forward on my face;
Bro. Victor next was caled in
To diagnose my case.

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